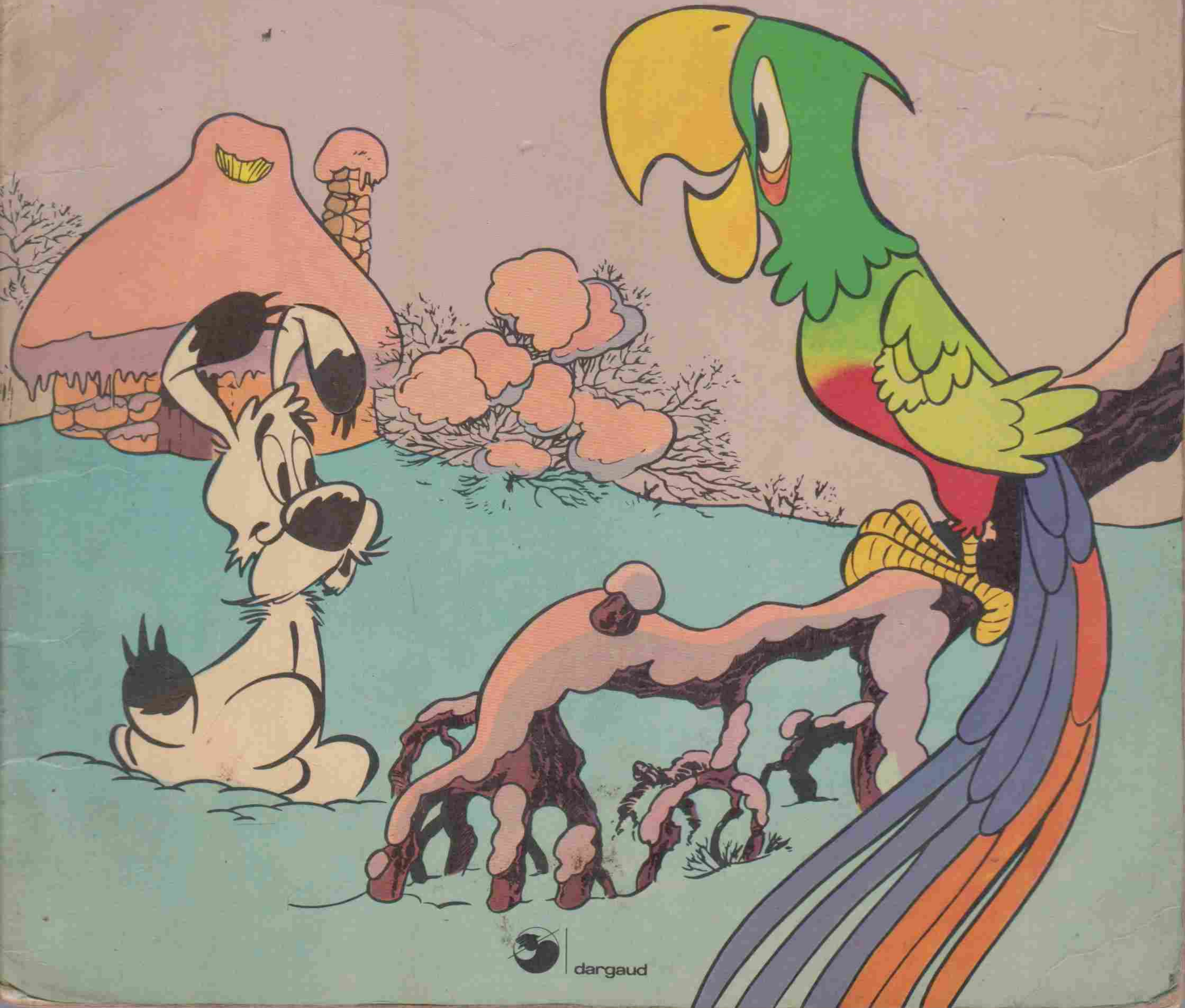


An adventure of **Dogmatix** the mascot of Asterix and Obelix

GOSCINNY

UDERZO

DOGMATIX AND THE PARROT



An adventure
of ***Dogmatix***
the mascot of Asterix and Obelix

Ima B.
Dx

24/3/02



DOGMATIX AND THE PARROT

UDERZO

GOSCINNY

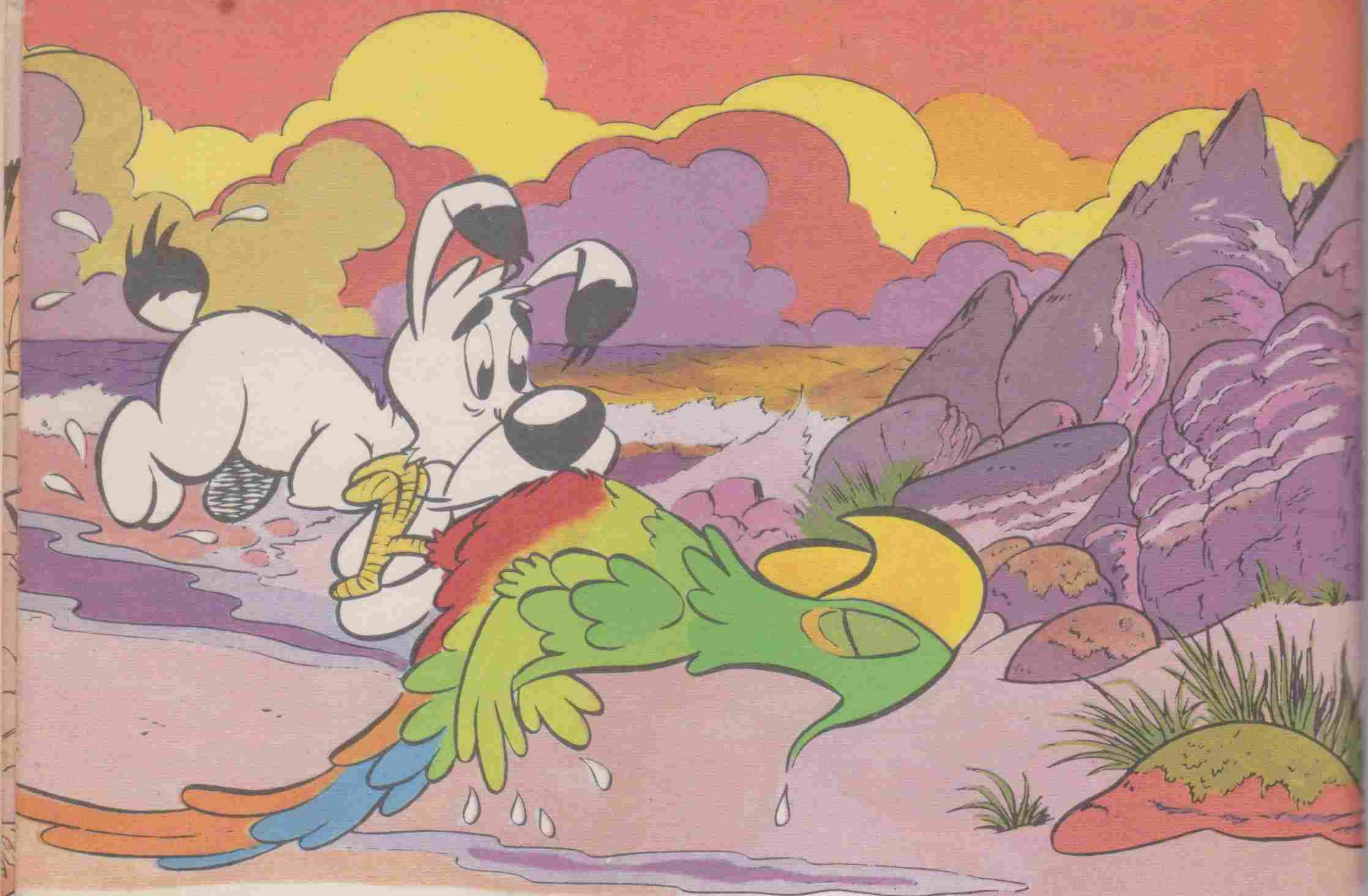


One night a terrible wind arose, and even though I pulled the blankets over my head, I could still hear it moaning and whistling round the hut. Suddenly I heard the voice of Asterix shouting above it. "Quick! Wake up! There's a boat running on to the rocks!"



Since I didn't want to stay all alone in the house (and in the dark, too!) I leapt out of bed and we raced down to the beach. When we got there the boat had just broken up, and we helped the shipwrecked sailors to the shore. Then I spotted a brilliantly coloured scarf tossing on the waves.





I picked it up out of the water, and then realised that it wasn't a piece of material, but a *parrot* that I was carrying in my mouth!

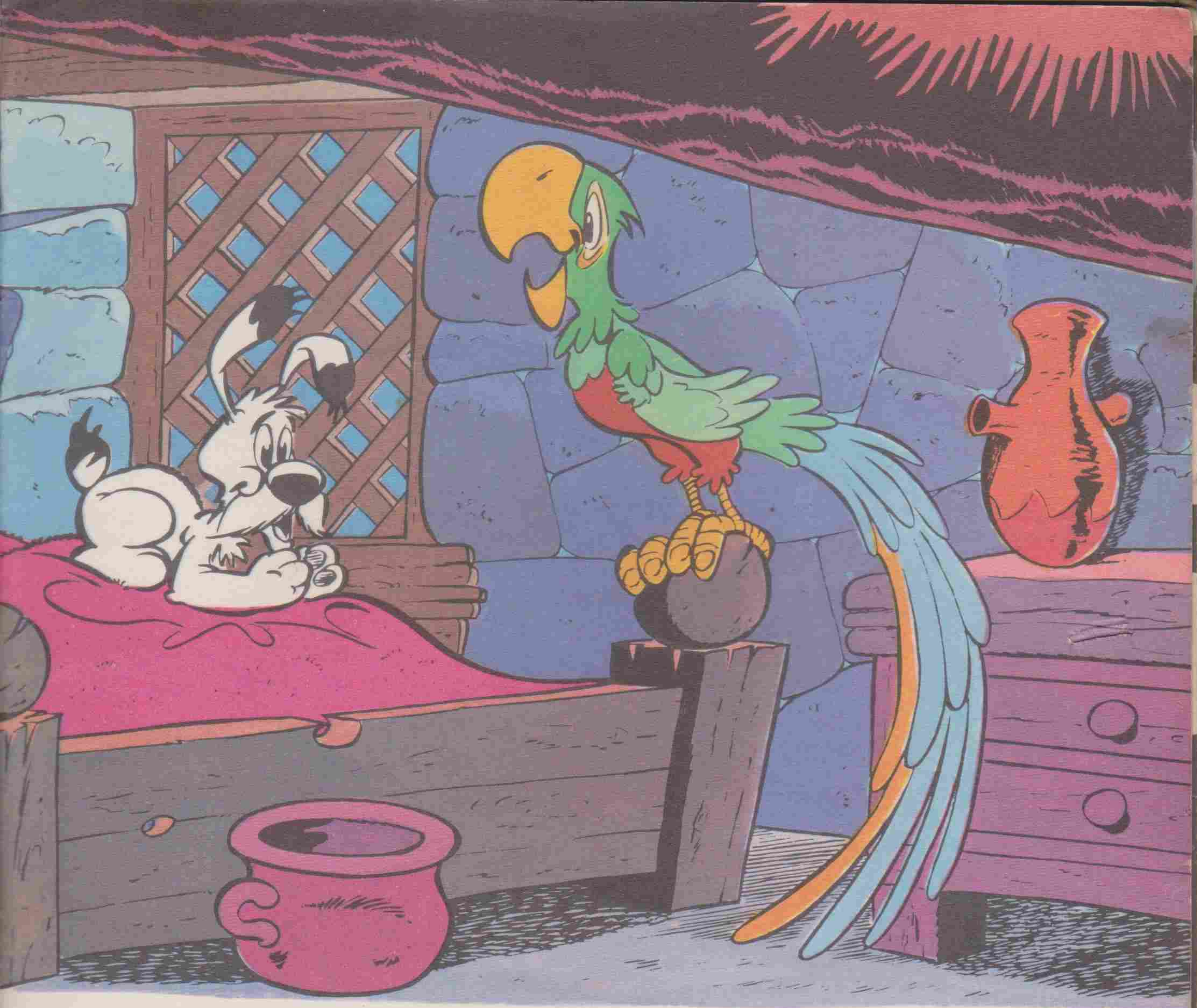
When everyone was safely on dry land, we went back to the village. Some bright spark had lit a bonfire, and we were thawing ourselves out when we heard a horrible grumbling noise. It sounded as though the forest god was very cross. We were wondering what we could have done to provoke his anger, when one of the sailors we'd rescued burst out laughing. "It's Coco! He loves playing tricks on people."





Our chief, Vitalstatistix, was furious because he'd thought the scolding voice was his wife's, but we calmed him down, and then left the sailors. We took Coco back home with us. He nibbled at a few seeds (it's very strange, but he doesn't like wild boar) and then we fell to chatting.

"You should have seen me during that storm, old boy! I was

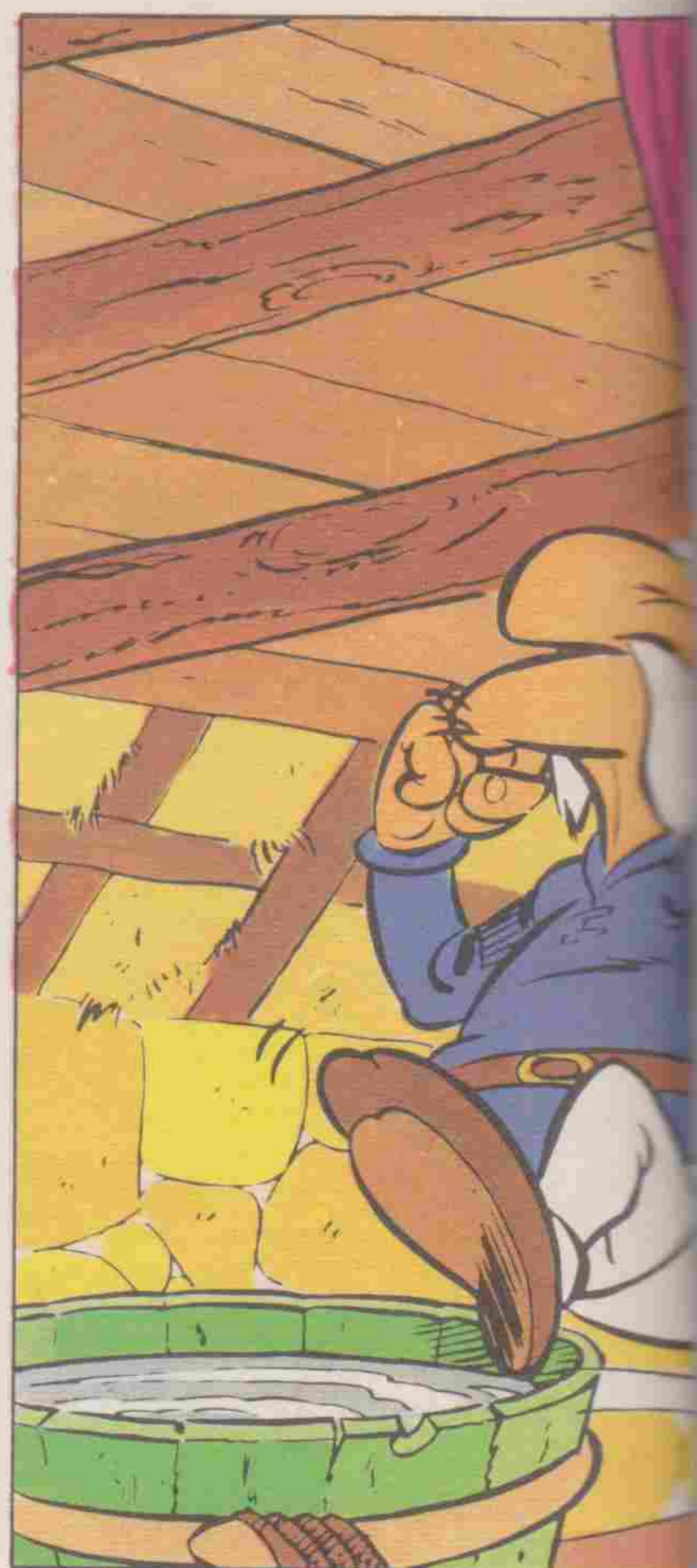


in charge of the boat, perched on the helm . . . perhaps my navigation wasn't quite right – but those rocks really shouldn't have been there.”

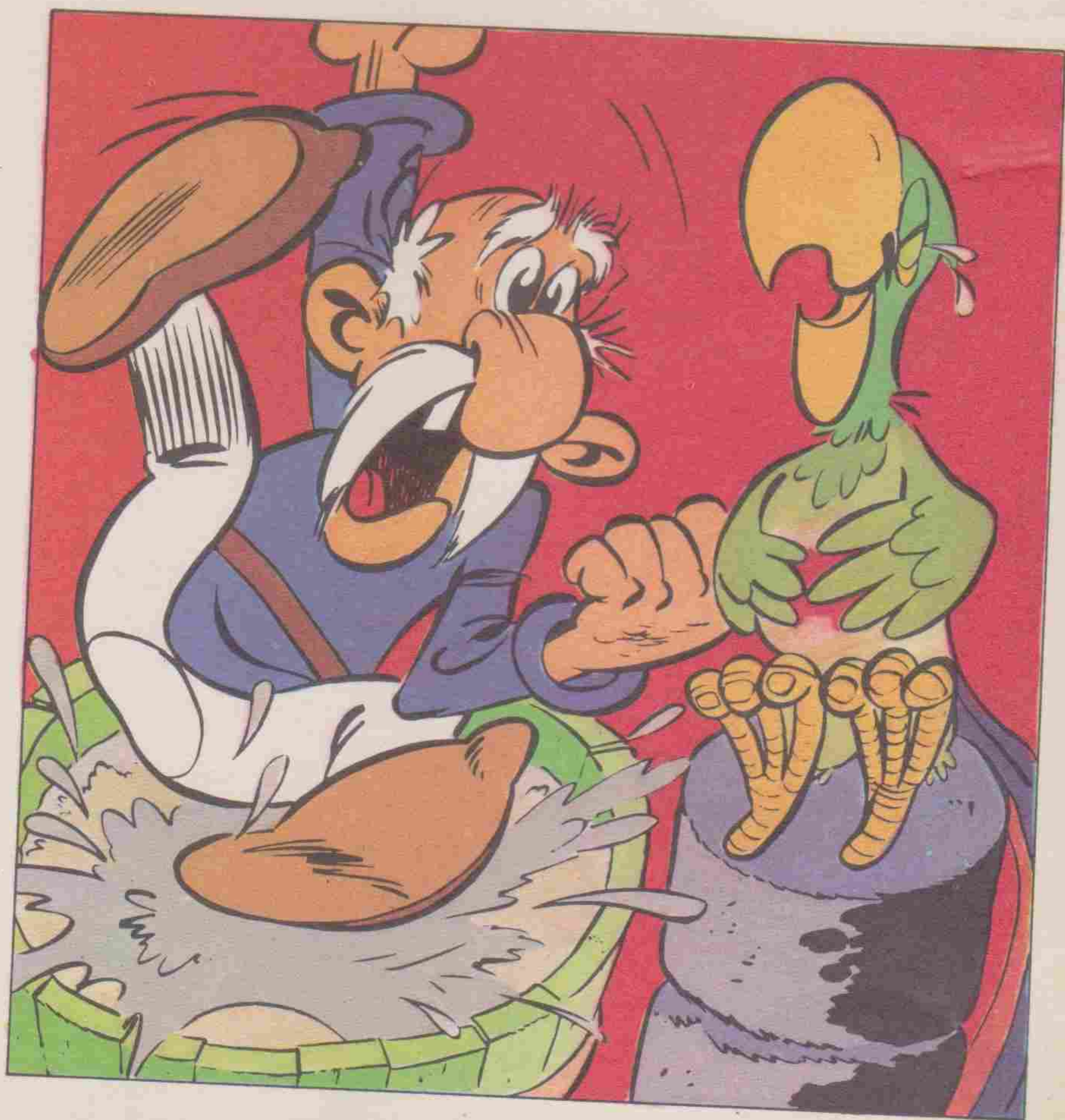
Obelix kept on saying “Are you sure it won't disturb you if I go to sleep?”, but Coco wouldn't take the hint, and insisted on telling me about all the trips he'd made.



We talked – at least Coco talked and I listened and Obelix snored – into the small hours. I didn't get to bed until dawn, but I was rather proud at staying up so late! It seemed to me that I was woken up again almost immediately by great roars of laughter. I shot out of bed, and outside the hut I saw the sailor who owned Coco, doubled up with laughter.



“Guess what Coco’s done! He hid in the hut of that old man, you know, the old bundle of bones that lives at the end of the village (I knew he must mean Geriatrix), and imitated his wife’s voice . . . ‘Darling, come here quickly!’ and the old fool rushed to find her, and fell straight into a tub of water! What a joker that Coco is!!”



But the sailor was the only one laughing, because Coco had been creating havoc in the village. The enraged villagers complained to the chief. "Let's pluck the feathers off that thieving rascal!" I was about to protest when Cacophonix stepped forward. He's our resident bard, and he sings so badly that every time he opens his mouth, someone shuts it for him.



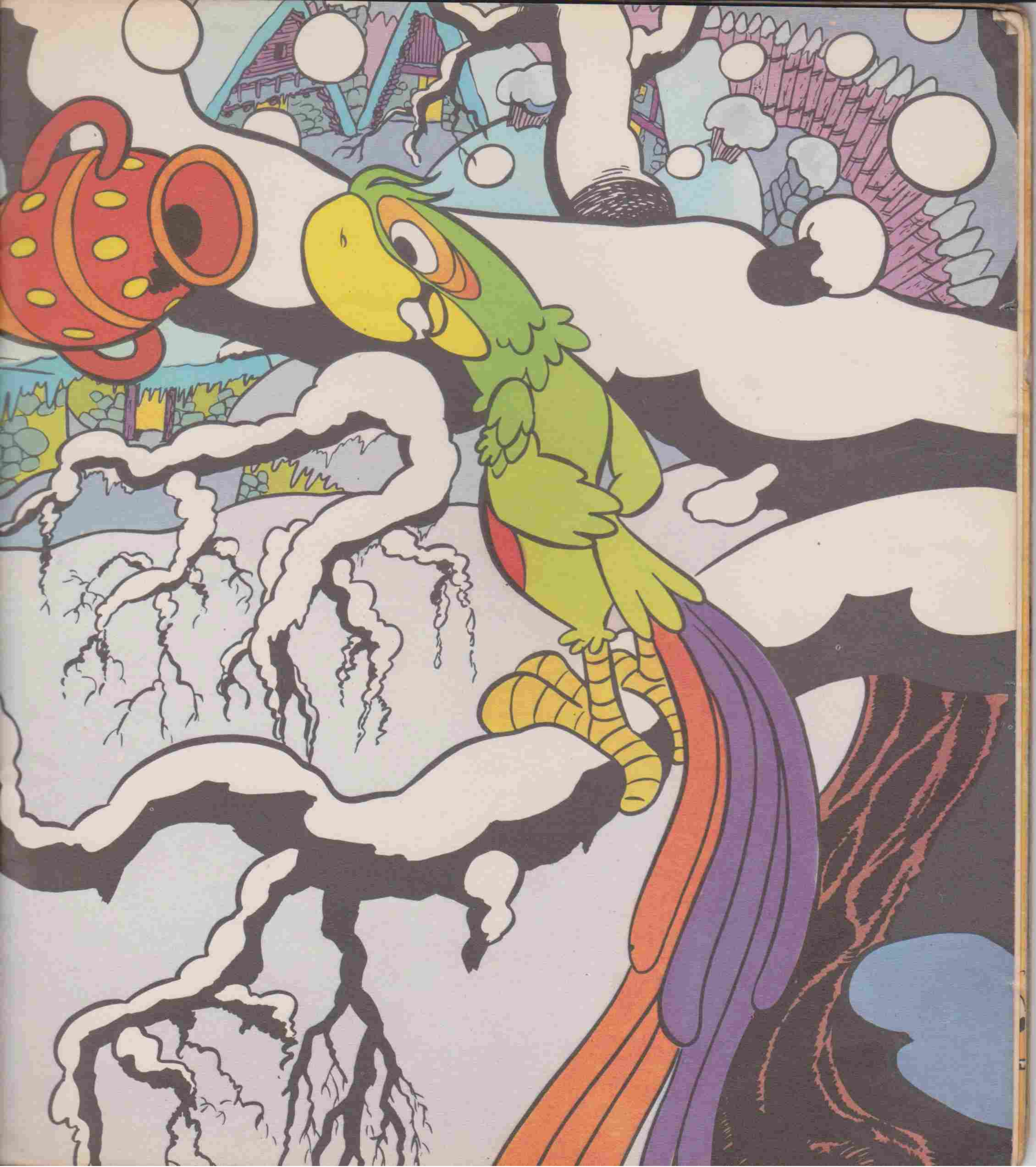
“Just a moment! You don’t know what you’re doing. A bird is brought up surrounded by peace and beauty, and for that reason he has a true appreciation of good music” . . . and then he began to sing. Just when everybody was about to throttle him, it became obvious that Coco, on the contrary, seemed to like the ‘music’. Even the sailor seemed sadly surprised at this.





After that, Coco was nowhere to be seen. I thought he might be ill. But no . . . he had fallen under a spell. “That Cacofonix, what a voice! what talent!”

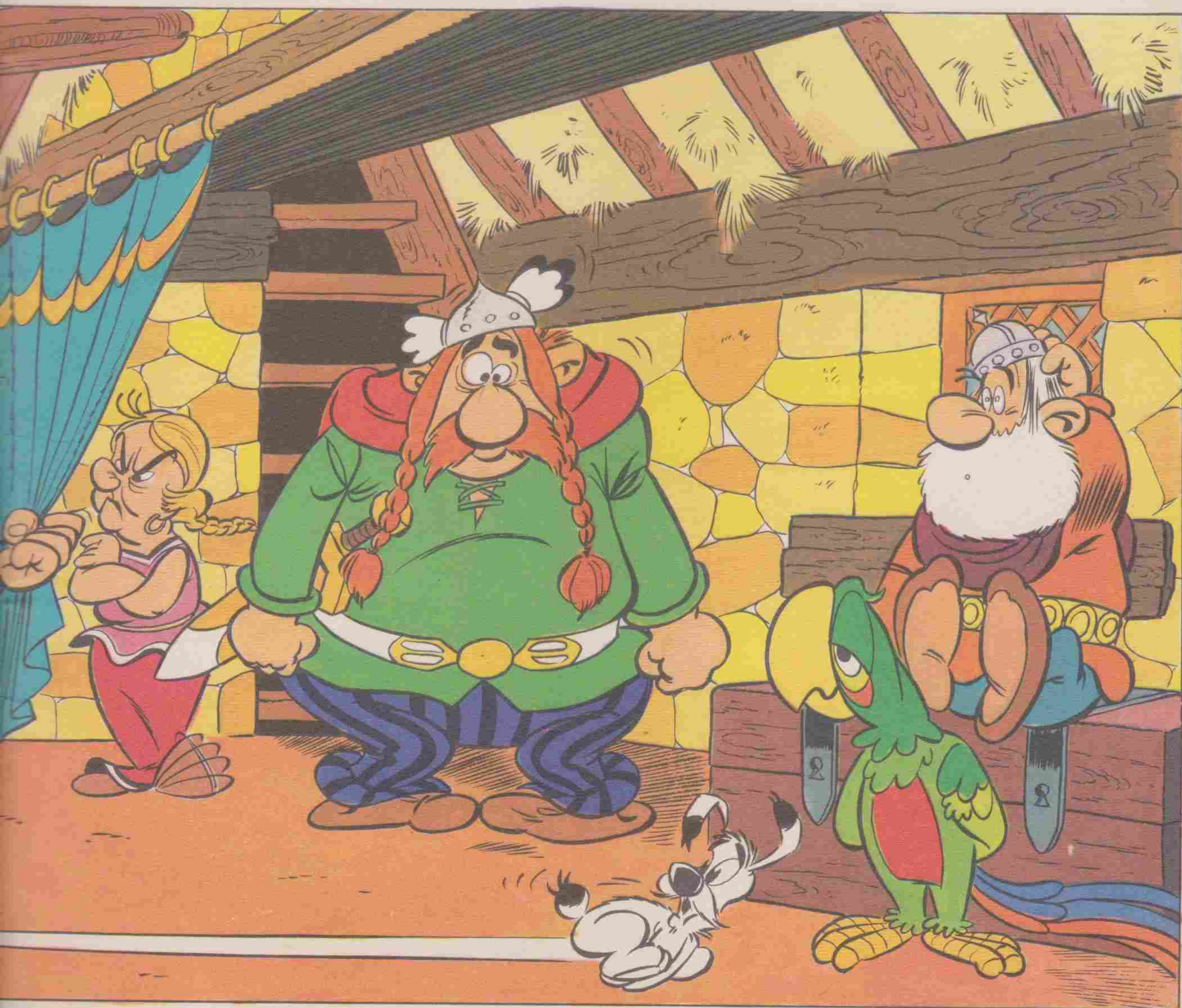
Well, honestly! Anyway, the day passed without further incident, we all went to bed, and I was just dropping off when a blood-curdling howl rang through the village. “Dogmatix!” shouted Obelix, jumping out of bed and throwing me onto the floor. We rushed outside, and guess what we saw? Yes, it was Coco, perched at the top of a tree and mocking all the villagers below him.



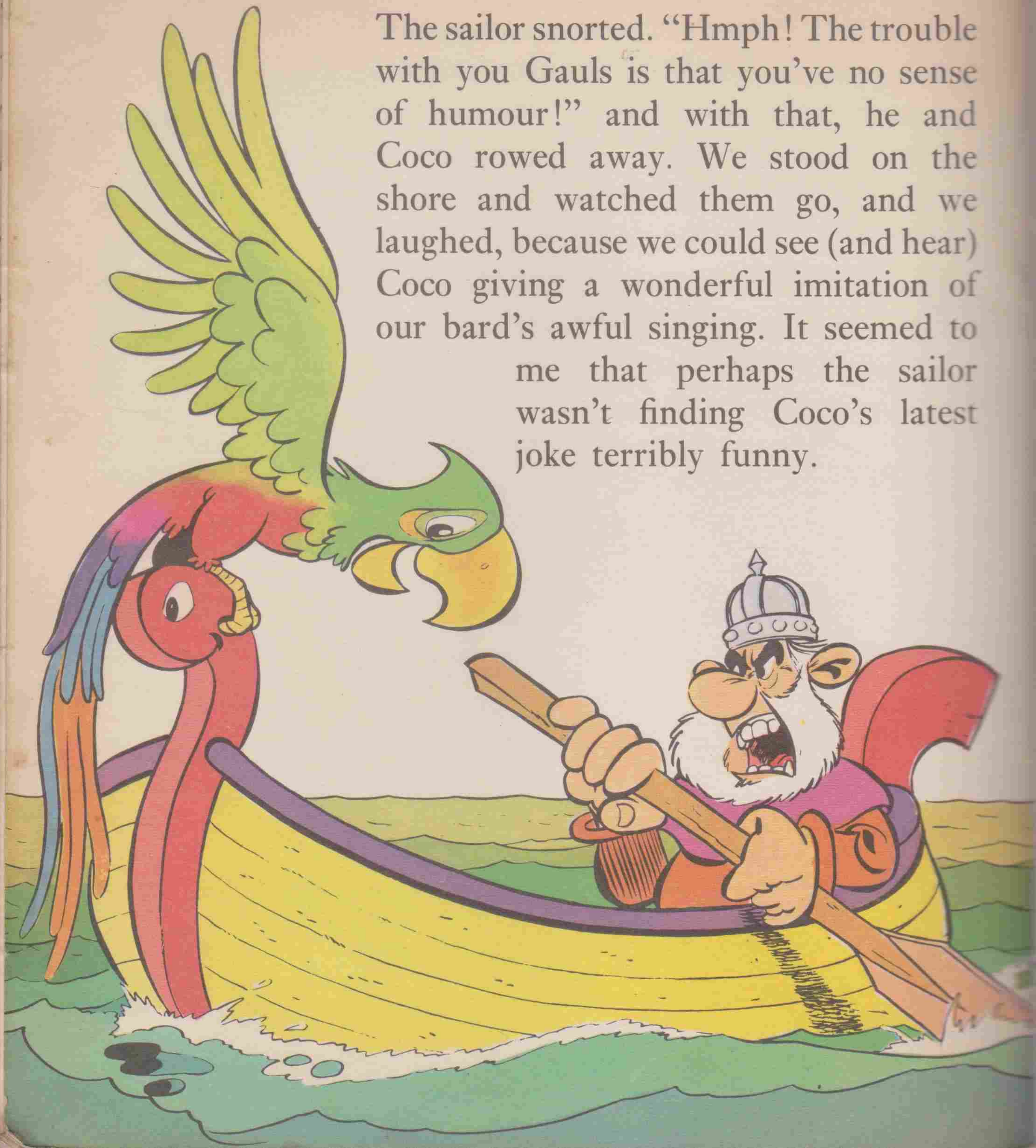
The villagers cried "This can't go on!" The sailor tried to defend Coco against the angry villagers. "He isn't really wicked. He just likes having a bit of fun." No one listened to him, because they were all busy quarrelling whether Coco should be roasted with or without mushrooms.



Our chief, Vitalstatistix, was very annoyed, and the more so because his wife Bacteria was nagging him to do something about Coco. He turned to the sailor: "You see, it's just impossible for you to stay here. You and your parrot must leave the village. We'll give you a boat and some food."



The sailor snorted. "Hmph! The trouble with you Gauls is that you've no sense of humour!" and with that, he and Coco rowed away. We stood on the shore and watched them go, and we laughed, because we could see (and hear) Coco giving a wonderful imitation of our bard's awful singing. It seemed to me that perhaps the sailor wasn't finding Coco's latest joke terribly funny.





IN THE SAME SERIES

DOGMATIX MAKES A FRIEND
DOGMATIX AND THE BOAR HUNT
DOGMATIX AND THE STORM
THE WELL-DESERVED TEA PARTY
DOGMATIX AND THE LOST FISH
DOGMATIX THE ATHLETE
DOGMATIX AT THE CIRCUS
THE CRAZY CHASE
DOGMATIX AND THE PARROT
DOGMATIX AND THE LITTLE GIRL